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Willie Boy and I



Will P. Snyder



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Billie Boy and I

And Other Child Verse For Adult Readers

BY
WILL P. SNYDER



BOSTON
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY
1917

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TO
A. ESTOCLET
OF THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF
THE *PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER*
WITHOUT WHOSE KINDLY CRITI-
CISM AND ENCOURAGEMENT
NOT ONE OF THESE POEMS
WOULD HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

In the literary world, where the newcomer, strange and unknown, must timidly knock at the door of the editorial sanctum, hospitality to the aspiring poet is a pleasing grace. Therefore, cordial thanks for a welcome to these humble efforts of mine are due, and are hereby tendered, the editors of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, *St. Nicholas*, *Little Folks*, *Extension Magazine*, *Men and Women*, *World's Events*, *The American Agriculturist*, *The Book News Monthly*, *The People's Home Journal*, *The John Martin Book*, and the *Philadelphia Record*.

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PART I

BILLIE BOY AND I

WINTER evenings Billie Boy
Gathers every block and toy,
Comes and stands beside my knee,
Waiting there, quite patiently,
'Til I've read my paper through,
Then says, "Daddy, please won't you
Play upon the floor with me? —
Everything is ready, see?"
(His wish I grant him.)

"First," he says, "right here is where,
Close beside the Delaware,
Cornwallis and Washington
Have their camps. Now see the fun!"
While Cornwallis takes a nap,
Washington escapes his trap.
Leaving his camp fires, bright,
Burning there throughout the night.
(I'm Cornwallis.)

"Next," he says, "here Grant and Lee
Meet at Appomattox — See?
Here is where Grant's soldiers stand."
And he quickly takes command.
My, how loud the cannon roar,
And the rifles flash and pour
Leaden hail, until I see
Grant has beaten General Lee!
(I'm General Lee.)

Then we play it's "break o' day,"
And we're at Manila Bay.
He is Dewey, and his fleet
Soon make victory complete.
Ships are sunk — yes, every one,
Without loss of man or gun.
What a glorious victory!
But, alas, poor me, poor me — !
 (I'm the Spaniards.)

Home a mighty hero comes
'Mid the sound of fifes and drums,
Climbs right up upon my knee,
Snuggles down, contentedly —
(Dewey, Grant and Washington,
Rolled together into one)
Looks into my face a while,
Smiles a funny little smile,
Hugs me tight, then says to me,
"My, I love you, General Lee!"
 (I kiss the victor.)

THE SOLDIER BORN

SAY, honey boy, when you grow up,
What would you like to be —
A doctor, lawyer, minister,
Or business man like me?

He smiles and shakes his little head,
And says, "Not them for me —
I'm going to be a gen-er-al
Of some big ar-am-ee!"

All through the day he drills his men,
Across the floor and back,
Or forms them into line while he
Leads on to the attack.

He scales the heights of Sofa Top,
And tears their colors down,
Then plants instead, the Stars and Stripes,
And occupies the town.

Great is the slaughter of the foe,
And prisoners by the score
He places under heavy guard
Behind the closet door.

The battle o'er, he gathers up
His dead and wounded men;
He heals their wounds, and then commands
The dead to live again.

Then tired of his play he comes
And climbs upon my knee,
And begs for stories of the war
My father told to me.

And need I wonder why my boy
Takes such a keen delight
In playing soldier all the day,
And dreams of them at night?

Did not his granddads both respond
To Lincoln's call for men? —
Does not their blood course through his veins?
Why need I wonder, then?

THE WORD COINER

THE little chap I love and own,
Oft speaks a language quite unknown;
Some words in Webster you will find;
The rest are not the Webster kind.
He says, "Dear Pama"—that means me,
And "Mopa" means his mother, see?
By some strange rule he blends the two,
That either one for both will do.
He says, "If you will give me more
Sweet choc'late buds—jess free or four,"
(And then his blue eyes open wide)
"Why, then I'll be real sapisfide."
When snugly tucked within his bed,
He kicks and squirms until he's red,
Then cries, "I hate deese covers much—
Dey makes me feel so awful scrutch!"
The parlor is the "bestest" place,
To romp and play and run a race;
He says, "It's so much roomer dere
To chase an Injun or a bear."
When he is bad and mother chides,
He sulks a while, then goes and hides,
Then comes and says, "I's sorrow, too;
I want to be friensess wiff you."
When someone sweeps, he says they "broom"
The "dustiness" about the room;
And in his book, the sailors "oar"
Their heavy boat up to the shore.

And so, throughout the day I hear
These funny words that sound so queer;
I often smile — my little boy
Smiles back and says, “You must feel joy.”

ME AND MINE

HE'S mine, a very part of me ;
And all the day
While at his play,
My little self again I see.

Of yore, my toys were old and few ;
So just today
I went away
And bought a "choo choo" for us two.

So many toys I was denied,
I'm longing still
To have my fill,
Though most of them I've since supplied.

While watching him, who's part of me,
(The little elf !)
Enjoy himself,
I'm 'most as happy as is he.

And when we romp about the floor,
And mother chides,
He goes and hides,
And I, back to my desk once more.

JUST LOOKING ON

COME, little ones, I love to hear
Your merry laughter and your song,
So fill this old house with your cheer,
And I'll sit here and laugh along.

You've left your homes to visit me,
And pass a merry hour or two,
So give full rein to jollity,
And I'll just sit and look at you.

The house is large and warm and bright,
And yours it is to romp and run,—
My heart is like my house tonight,
So I'll just sit and watch your fun.

While at your play there's one I see
Whose stay with us was not for long;
He comes and climbs upon my knee,
And we join in your merry song.

Without, the skies are dark and drear,
And sadly wails the wint'ry wind,
And if, perchance, I drop a tear,
Why,—just play on and never mind.

LOOKING BACKWARD

TAKE hold of my finger, dearie —
My hand 's too large, I know —
And lead me away in your childish play
To the days of long ago.

Back to my cherished toys so few,
(Another's pride before),
And catch me a gleam of a childhood dream,
That dreaming, I may dream o'er.

Back to a loving mother's face,
Back to her loving care,
To the touch so grand of her gentle hand,
As she fondly stroked my hair.

Back to the simple prayer she taught,
The lullabys she'd sing,
As about my bed with her noiseless tread
She would snugly tuck me in.

Back to the passionate goodnight kiss
That oft I wiped away,
And tears that would start from her wounded
heart
Are burning my brow today.

Play on, dear child, and may I live
My life so good and true,
That, in time to be, tender thoughts of me,
Like these, may come back to you.

MY WEALTH

THE purest love, by yards and yards,
Is measured off to me each day
By dimpled arms extended wide,
In simple, sincere, child-like way.

“ So much I love ’oo, an’ some more ;
An’ when my wee arms longer grow,
I’ll show ’oo how much more an’ more
I love ’oo — for I love ’oo so ! ”

“ So much I love ’oo an’ some more ” ;
What heart could fuller measure give ? —
My own reels up the golden thread,
And makes my life a joy to live.

Love free from dross and sin’s cold touch ;
A love that cheers me with its glow,
And makes me richer far than he
Who has no child to love him so.

LOVE'S SUNSHINE

WITH kisses to give and kisses to take,
And many good-byes to say,
What need care I for a cloudy sky
Or a dark and dreary day?
With the touch of lips on my cheeks always,
And baby's voice in my ear,
And love's bright glare shining everywhere,
No day can be dark and drear.

CHORUS

Kisses, kisses, kisses to take and give;
Kisses of gold that never grow cold,
Making life sweet to live;
Love-light, eyes bright,
Filling my day with cheer;
Loved ones to hold, and arms that enfold;
No day can be dark and drear.

When the day is done there's a welcome sure,
And kisses that smack and ring;
A nice new toy for my baby boy,
And a nursery rhyme to sing.
And richer far, I am sure, than he
Who has lands and wealth untold,
But lacks the bliss of a loved one's kiss,
And arms that can hug and hold.

THE COMING AND GOING OF BABY BLUE-EYES

FROM that city, fair and four-square,
Just beyond the sunlit skies,
From the home of God and angels,
Out of holy Paradise,
Came a white-winged baby spirit
Through the blue of heaven's dome
To the dwelling place of mortals,
Seeking entrance to our home.
Sent us by the God of Promise,
As an answer to our prayer,
Out of that fair, dreamed-of-city;
City Beautiful, four-square —
Came our little Baby Blue-Eyes;
Blue-Eyes, with the golden hair.

Oh, it was the joyous Maytime;
And the morning's cooling breeze,
Came with sweetest incense laden
From the blooming vines and trees;
Blithesome songsters in the branches
Sang to God and nestlings young;
All the world seemed kissed to gladness
By the golden springtime sun;
And, we too, thanked God the Giver
For our darling little one.

Never was there sent to mortals,
Such a rare — so pure a gem,—

Surely one of God's bright jewels
From His royal diadem!
Sweet-voiced, laughing, Baby Blue-Eyes!
No earth-treasure e'er could bring
To our hearts such joy and gladness
As he brought to us that spring!
All the cares of toil and labor
Quickly changed to keen delight;
Just to live and love and own him
Made the darkest day seem bright.

Day by day he grew in beauty,
Face and form, oh, wondrous fair!
Till there seemed to shine a halo
Around his head of golden hair,
Not unlike the holy Christ-child,
As He graced His mother's arms;
Such was he — our lovely Blue-Eyes,
With his wealth of baby charms.

Then I dreamed of good and great men —
Blue-Eyes should be one when grown —
And each day in prayer I bore him
Up to God to use and own.
Much the world had need of Samuels,
Like the one of olden time;
Such I deemed the Lord was calling,
And I boldly offered mine.

But my ways were not as God's ways,
And, in passing by, one day,

Through His garden gath'ring lilies,
Bore He our Blue-Eyes away.
Oh, how soon our skies were darkened!
How the rain-clouds hid the sun!
Gone, our joy and richest treasure!
Gone, our lovely little one!
Who could measure all our heartaches?
Who could sound our depths of love?
Who could know our grief and anguish
When he passed with Him above?
But 'twas not for us to murmur,
For we knew 'twas kind of God
To have let us love an angel
And we meekly kissed the rod.

So we took the little temple
That had never been defiled,
And in snowy garments clothed it,
As became a little child;
And we kissed the marble forehead,
And caressed the golden hair,
And a spray of August lilies
Placed we in the hands so fair;
So we left it — in the bosom
Of Old Mother Earth to be,
Till his little angel spirit
Comes again to set it free,
And the form in which we knew him
Puts on immortality.

A WELCOME AUTOCRAT

A KING has come to live with us;
His throne's a great high chair;
His scepter grand, a stick with bells,
His crown, his own bright hair.

He speaks a language quite unknown
To us who own his sway,
Yet smiles and frowns ofttimes suffice;
We do his will straightway.

But when we fail to understand,
Into a rage he flies;
With clenched fists he pounds his throne,
And lightnings fill his eyes.

Then quickly gathers all his court —
In vain we stand and think —
What can the tyrant mean by this,
“A-gink! a-gink! a-gink!”

We bring him all the gifts we know
Have pleased him oft before,
But in disgust he cries, “A-gink!”
And sweeps them to the floor.

At last he spies the water glass
I'm holding in my hand,
Then, pointing, cries, “A-gink! a-gink!”
And then we understand.

Then, having had "A-gink," how sweet
The smiles he can bestow!
We quite forget his wrath and frown —
He makes us love him so.

Today he puckered up his lips
And cried, "For 'oo a tiss!"
Now, who would not a subject be
To such a king as this?

TO A LITTLE CHILD

DEAR little child, each day I love thee more,
And with rare pride I watch thee wax and
grow,
And wait with patience for a word or sign
To show my love returned — I love thee so!

Each knowing look, each smile, each tender
touch
Of thy soft hands upon my cheek and brow,
I deem a token of thy growing love
Which I desire — all thou canst give me now.

Thy eyes, so blue and clear, pierce every shield
I needs must place before my erring heart,
And lay to view each secret scar and stain,
And make me feel anew their sting and smart.

Thy little lips so pure, pressed to my own,
Bring back to life each buried blush of shame,
And cause the penitential tear to flow —
Oh, may thy own be free from words of blame!

Dear child, so pure, so innocent and good,
I see in thee the Christ — the Sinless One!
And may He, as thy years come on apace,
Still keep thee pure — my own, my little son.

LEARNING TO WALK

STEADY now, my little man!
Try to stand straight if you can;
You will never learn at all
If you lean against that wall.
Now, when I count, one — two — three,
See if you can walk to me.

“One, two, three! Come, come, I say,
Step out boldly, that’s the way!
Steady, steady, never fear;
Daddy’s arms are very near.
Just a few more steps — hurray!
Baby’s learned to walk today.”

I am learning, too, today,
How to walk upon life’s way,
And my Father’s face I see,
At the end awaiting me.
If I stumble, dread or fear,
’Tis His gentle voice I hear,

Saying, “Courage, never doubt,
My strong arms are reaching out,
When you near your journey’s end
I my helping hand will lend.”
Safe at last, from dangers free,
His strong arms will compass me.

WAITING AT THE GATE

AT the garden gate my Baby Blue
Each day would wait for me,
With his chubby face pressed to the space
Between the pales to see.

O the joy that came to Baby Blue
When he would open wide
The old garden gate, and stand and wait,
And beg of me a ride!

And when there were times that I'd be late,
To all who'd pass he'd say
In tones quite sad, "Have you seen my dad?
He's verry late today!"

O the years have flown, but still I see
His little face close-pressed
To a pearly gate, where angels wait
For those they love the best.

And I know he asks each passing soul
If they've seen me anywhere,
But I can not come till work is done
To him who's waiting there.

Dear child, I had hoped it would be I,
Who'd watch and wait for you —
I'm a little late, but just you wait,
I'll come when work is through.

BABY'S HORSE

I'M a balky horse for baby —
Anything to please,
I must gallop 'round the room
On my hands and knees.
Firmly seated on my back,
Daring rider, he,
Pulling at my hair — the reins —
Yells and laughs with glee.
I must gallop, plunge, and rear,
Kick my hind legs in the air,
Else I wouldn't be —
“A balk-ee hors-ee.”

I'm a gentle horse for baby,
To the stable go,
Back behind some parlor chairs
Standing in a row,
I must try and make believe
I am eating hay,
While with brush and comb he stands,
Combs and combs away.
I must stand so very still,
Must not stamp my feet until
He has curried me —
“Like a good hors-ee.”

I would rather be a play-horse
For my baby boy

Than the man with lands and gold
Who ne'er knew the joy.
Gladly will I plunge and rear,
Kick my hind legs in the air,
Make believe I'm eating hay
While he combs and combs away,
If I can only be —
“ A hors-ee for bab-ee.”

WHAT THE LITTLE WINDS SAID

O LITTLE Winds of the summer night,
Pray what can the matter be?
Like merry children you linger near
As though you would speak to me.

I raised the sash of my bedroom high,
And the Little Winds came through,
And danced around the chair where I sat,
Just like happy children do.

They thrust their hands through my scanty
hair,
And then, when I tried to doze,
They tossed my papers about my desk
And tugged at my sleeping clothes.

When gathered about my chair at last,
Quite tired of fun and play,
I said to them, "Come, tell me, my dears,
What were you doing today?"

The one said, "Sir, I have spent my time
Close by a little child's bed,
And kissed his cheeks and his fevered lips,
And cooled his hot, aching head."

The next one said, "I have gone all day
To where fragrant flowers bloom,

And blew great waves of their scented sweets
Right into the sick child's room."

The third had been where the brooklets play,
And wild birds carol and trill,
And brought the songs that it heard them sing
To please the dear child so ill.

At eventime, when the doctor came
And whispered, "Thank God" and smiled,
They said they bore up a thankful prayer
To Him who had spared the child.

I kindly thanked the dear Little Winds,
As they kissed and left me there.—
The child was mine that they told about,
And so was the thankful prayer.

A BOY'S TREASURES

THE drawer in the library table
Is filled with Bob's stuff to the brim;
No one in the house dare disturb it,
Because it belongs all to him.

One time he was sick with the measles,
And asked me to get him his book,
He said, "In my drawer you will find it —
I'm sure it is there if you look."

So that's how I came to go through it,
And here's what a boy treasures up —
A squirt gun, a pen, colored crayons,
A knife and an old drinking cup.

Some marbles, a tie pin, a baseball,
A reel of pink twine for his kite,
A lot of lead soldiers, all battered
As though they had been in a fight.

A paint box, some brushes and pencils,
A slingshot, a blow-pipe and peas,
The tail of a rabbit, a mouse trap
All ready and baited with cheese.

Some nails, a small hammer and chisel.
A saw and a bicycle bell,
A mouth-organ, jewsharp and whistle,
A piece of a bright colored shell.

A watch chain, a small pocket mirror,
A fish line, a cork and a hook,
And there, underneath this confusion,
I found what I sought for — his book.

THE LOST BABY

HAS anyone seen our baby, pray?
He surely must have passed this way —
He wore a gingham apron blue,
A little dress of pinkish hue;
His cheeks were like two roses red,
And golden curls hung 'round his head;
His eyes were like fair summer skies,
That looked at you quite overwise.

What! Found him? Really, this can't be
Our little one! Come, let me see!
The face and eyes are his, I ween —
What can this transformation mean?
No apron, frock or golden curls?
“Dem fings are only worn by dirls —
Big boys like me wear bloomers, an'
Today I's changed into a man.”

DEAR LITTLE ROBBER OF LOVE

YOUR bright eyes have sought out the way
to my heart —

The cave where love-treasure is stored;
Your sesame smile has flung open its doors;
You've taken armfulls of my hoard.

But come, little bandit, and go at your will;
Though robbed of some love, need I care?
You leave in its stead the red gems of your lips,
And bright yellow gold of your hair.

Be careful, my dear, lest your sesame smiles
Should fade from your fair face away —
You then would be caught in the cave of my
heart,
My captive for e'er and a day.

WHO IS IT?

WHO is it is so tired
At the closing of the day?
Who is it washed and ironed
And put dolly's things away?
Who is it is so sleepy
When she climbs upon my knee? —
“I do not know e-zactly,
But I dess 'at's me.”

Who is it is so sorry
That she broke the china vase?
Who is it teased the kitty
And got scratches on her face?
Who promised just this morning
A much better child to be? —
“I do not know e-zactly,
But I dess 'at's me.”

Who wants to hear the story
Of old Santa and his deer?
Who wants to count the Sundays
Until Christmas-time is here?
Who wants to be “real goody” —
Just as good as good can be? —
“I do not know e-zactly,
But I dess 'at's me.”

Who wants to write to Santa
So he'll know just what to bring?
Who wants a nice, new dolly
That can laugh and cry and sing?
Who wants a "barrel of candy"
And a "great, big Christmas tree?"—
"I do not know e-zactly,
But I dess 'at's me."

TH' SHOW US FELLERS HAD

ONE time us fellers had a show
In Squire Simpson's barn;
We promised him we'd be real good
And do his horse no harm,
So, first we stretched a tight-rope up,
Then hung up a trapeze —
Bob Smith said he would walk th' rope,
And hang on by his knees;
Tim Burke said he would turn handsprings,
And I should "skin th' cat."
While Willie Jones would be th' clown
And wear a paper hat.

Bob Smith said 'at we orter have
Some cur-i-osity,
But no one seemed to know jess what
Th' thing should really be,
'En, all at once, he said, "I know!
We'll turn th' horse about,
An' hang a blanket 'cross th' stall
So 'at he can't look out,
An' then we'll paint a great, big sign —
"G-R-E-A-T C-U-R-I-O-S-I-T-Y!
A REAL LIVE HORSE WHOSE HEAD IS WHERE
HIS BUSHY TAIL SHOULD BE!"

On "Smithy's" printing-press we made
Some hand-bills plain and neat,

And passed 'em round to everyone
That lived upon our street,
And lots of folks grew curious,
And came around to see
Th' horse, we advertised, whose head
Was where his tail should be.
They laughed an' laughed, 'most fit to kill,
An' said th' joke was great,
We made 'em promise not to tell,
An' "roped in" twenty-eight.

Our door receets, we found, was, cash,
Two dollars, ninety-four,
Besides th' apples, knives an' pins,
An' chewing gum galore.
We ate th' apples, chewed th' gum,
And spent th' cash fer cream;
Each got a pocketknife — th' pins
We gave to Granny Beam.

SANTA'S LITTLE ONES

DEAR old Santa was as busy
As a nailer, making toys,
In his home far in the Northland,
For ten million girls and boys.
Everyone was in a hurry,
And his helpers by the score
Kept the merry anvils ringing
Loud above the North Wind's roar.

Skates and sleds and guns and sabres
Stood about in shining rows,
Dolls of every tribe and nation,
Dressed in quaint and pretty clothes,
Animals both fierce and peaceful
From the North to torrid zone,
Stood about awaiting transfer
To wee hands to love and own.

Promptly on the stroke of midnight
Everything was in its place,
And the reindeer stood, impatient,
Anxious for the jolly race.
Snugly wrapped in furs of sable,
Santa took his reins and whip,
And with loud and cheery whistle
They were off with jump and skip.

Swiftly then through town and city,
At each home where lived a child
Did he leave his pretty presents,
As they sweetly slept and smiled.
Here and there he found wee stockings
He had never seen before,
And he saw their owners sleeping
As he passed their bed-room door.

Here and there, alas, were missing
Little socks he used to know,
And the little beds were empty
That were filled a year ago.
In his book of names of children
Here he drew the glory line —
“They belong to Him,” he whispered,
“I no longer claim them mine.”

Then he brushed away a teardrop,
And a prayer he softly said,
Asking God to send the Christ-Child
To each saddened home instead.

All night long through town and city
Sped old Santa in his sleigh,
Leaving gifts of toys and sweet-meats
For each child along the way.
All night long the magic music
Of his bells rang free and strong,
While the missing ones up yonder
Sang the old, old, glory song.

WHEN MOTHER WARMED MY LITTLE HANDS

TODAY my hands and feet were cold,
And as I tramped through sleet and rain,
Fond memories began to rise
Like sunshine out of clouded skies,
And childhood days came back again.

I saw myself a boy once more
And with my playmates on the hill,
We drew by rope an old-time sled
My father made and painted red,
And I steered down for Frank and Bill.

Those days my hands and feet were cold;
(So cold at times I could have cried)
But feared to whimper or complain
To comrades of the biting pain,
And bravely marched on by their side.

But, oh, dear mother, don't you know,
How, soon as I'd come home to you,
I'd burst out crying bitterly
Because I knew you'd pity me,
And do what loving mothers do?

You'd take my little hands so cold,
And hold them tight between your own,
Then breathe on them your breath so warm,

Or snugly tuck them neath your arm,
And silence every sob and moan.

You'd then draw off my brass-tipped boots,
Remove my little coat and cap,
Then set me snugly up beside
The oven door you'd opened wide,
And I'd sit there and doze and nap.

Today my hands and feet were cold,
And though a man, I longed for you,
And wished I were a boy again,
So you could still the hurt and pain,
And do just as you used to do.

PART II

SUNSET TOWN

EVERY evening, just at twilight,
Up the road from Sunset Town,
Comes the Sandman in his auto,
Passing swiftly up and down

All the streets where live wee children
Blowing all the while his sand
Through the keyholes, doors and windows
From a bellows in his hand.

Soon the little ones are rubbing
Tired eyes that smart with pain,
Soon each little head is nodding
Like a poppy in the rain.

Quickly then the loving mothers
Dress them in their gowns of white,
Hear them say their, "Now I lay me's,"
Tuck them in and kiss good-night.

But the Sandman has been watching,
And as soon as they're asleep,
Off he bears them in his auto,
With its cushions soft and deep,

To old Sunset Town out yonder,
Somewhere in the golden west,
Just beyond the range of mountains
Where the sun has gone to rest.

Sunset Town is fair and lovely,
And the sunlight is so bright
That to ope your eyes would blind you,
So each one must shut them tight.

You can see right through your eyelids
And it's natural, don't you think,
That the things you see about you
Are a shade of sea-shell pink.

Sunset Town is in a valley
With high mountains all around,
Trees that bear fine toys and sweetmeats
Can 'most anywhere be found.

All you have to do is touch them
And the things you want fall down
On the grass that grows a-plenty
On the streets of Sunset Town.

All the houses built of mint sticks
In a semi-circle stand,
Near a lake of soda water
With a beach of sugar sand.

Here the children love to gather
And mould piles of pie and cake,
Which they eat when they are hungry
Without fear of pain or ache.

All they have to do when thirsty
Is to dip and drink their fill
From the lake of soda water
That will never make them ill.

Here the little waves come rippling
To the shore and kiss their feet,
Nursery rhymes the while repeating
In a language quaint and sweet.

In the lake upon an island
Stands the castle of the Sun,
Where upon his throne he watches
All the children at their fun.

Tiny ships there are in plenty,
And each child a trip may take
To the castle in the centre
Of the soda water lake.

Here the sun keeps all his treasures,
Casks and casks of honey-dew,
That the flowers pay as tribute —
(He may offer some to you.)

There you, too, can see him working,
Spinning sunbeams of pure gold,
To replace all that are tarnished
Or in any way look old.

For the Sun's a proud old fellow,
And he never would be seen
Wearing beams all bent or crooked,
Or the slightest bit unclean.

In the cellar of his castle
He may show you where he keeps
Tanks of rain — and hail, and snowflakes
Piled about in glist'ning heaps.

In a dungeon 'neath his castle,
Under heavy lock and key,
Are the thunder-clouds and lightning
That he will not let you see.

But in passing you can hear them
As they clash and tear about,
Waiting for the proper moment
For the Sun to let them out.

Ere you leave his lovely castle
He will slip a beam or two
'Neath each eyelid, and your lips will
Taste of sweetest honey-dew.

Then the Sandman brings his auto
And, before you turn your head,
You are home again with mother,
In your cozy little bed.

And you tell her all about it,
And she says she knows it's true,
For your eyes are flashing sunbeams
And your lips drip honey-dew.

THE LAND OF SWEET SURPRISE

A FAIRY came to me one night
And stood beside my bed,
She touched me with her magic wand,
And, smiling, sweetly said,
“Come, little one, ’tis plain to see
You’ve had a trying day;
I’ll bear you far
Past moon and star,
Up to the Milky Way;
And you shall be
My guest, and see
The fairy folk at play.”

She wore a dress of gauzy stuff,
With silver stars bedight;
Her flowing hair, like sunbeams, spread
About its golden light.
Her little lips were sea-shell pink
With rows of pearls between,
Her deep blue eyes
Like evening skies,
Were lit with starry gleam,
And when she smiled
Rich perfumes, mild,
Came to me in my dream.

With incantations, soothing, sweet,
And wavings of her wand,

She changed me to a fairy child
And took me by the hand,
Then, like the sun-chased mists at morn,
We seemed to slowly rise,
Then sail away,
Two spirits gay,
Up to the starry skies,
Where golden light
Shut out the night —
To Land of Sweet Surprise.

Among the fields of Asphodel
We joined the fairy throngs,
We danced before the fairy queen
And sang their pretty songs;
The flowers all were chiming bells
That played the music sweet,
And, holding hands,
In happy bands
We trod with tripping feet
The Milky Way
Till Old Man Day
Came out to sweep the street.

He chased us with his sunbeam-broom,
And off to earth we flew,
To rest and hide in forests deep
Where ferns and mosses grew.
We sipped from cups the mosses held
The nectar sweet and cool,

Then underneath
A big fern leaf,
Beside a a mirror-pool,
I went to bed, —
Then someone said,
“Wake up! It’s time for school!”

“ TH’ GOOD MAN’S SPRINKLE CART ”

I ASKED my papa t’other day,
What was ’at awful sound
’At shakes our house an’ frikens me,
An’ tremmels all th’ ground,
An’ why th’ sky gets very dark,
When ’t isn’t night, but day ;
An’ why th’ lights shoot out th’ sky
In such a dwedful way
’At I must close my eyes tight, so —
An’ hold my ears shut, too,
To keep th’ lights an’ rumbles out —
’Cause I’m afraid. Ain’t you?
But papa, he jess laughs at me,
An’ says I mus’n’t care,
As it’s th’ Good Man’s sprinkle cart
A-drivin’ through th’ air.

He says ten thousand horses pull,
An’ ’at th’ awful sound
Is when they’re runnin’ through th’ sky,
An’ th’ big wheels go ’round.
But then, it makes me feél so ’fraid
’At when He cracks His lash,
’Cause ’at’s what papa says it is
’At makes the lightning flash.
But I jess close my eyes shut, so —
An’ hold my ears shut, too,
To keep th’ lights an’ rumbles out,

'Cause I'm afraid. Ain't you?
But papa, he jess laughs at me,
An' says I mus'n't be,
'Cause God, who drives th' sprinkle cart,
Jess loves children like me.

WHEN THE STORM BAND COMES

LONG before the storm band comes
You can hear its thunder-drums,
And the children of the sky run out to see;
When the lightning's cymbals flash,
And the small drums roll and crash,
You can hear them clap their hands and shout
with glee.

Then the flute and piccolo
Set the melody aflow,
And the cornets of the wind ring loud and clear;
And the rain, with sudden pour,
Follows up the music's score,
And the children of the sky clap hands and
cheer.

Then the Master with His wand
Stops the music of the band,
And a trombone solo starts up, quaintly sweet;
Then the rest with mighty din
At the chorus all join in,
And the children give applause with hands
and feet.

Then the drums, all beating time,
Call the players into line,
And the mother-sun comes out to see them go;
And she hands a pot of gold
To each player, we are told,
Which he buries at the foot of the rainbow,

OLD MISTER NORTH WIND

OLD Mister North Wind is a gruff little man,

But I know that his heart is gay;
Though he raves and roars at the windows and doors,

You can hear his laugh far away.

He says, "Ha! Ha! He! Hee-ee! —

If you're good, you needn't fear mee-e-e,

If you're bad, I'll surely catch youu-u-u;

Boo! Hoo! Boo! Hoo! Boo! Hoo-o-o-!"

Old Mister North Wind is a droll little man,

For he gathered dead leaves today;
And heaped them all in the corner of a wall,
Then took them and threw them away.

Then said, "Ha! Ha! He! Hee-e-e! —

If you're good, you needn't fear mee-e-e,

If you're bad, I'll surely catch youu-u-u;

Boo! Hoo! Boo! Hoo! Boo! Hoo-o-o-!"

Old Mister North Wind is a kind little man,

For when I'm asleep in my bed,
He covers o'er nice all the streams with his ice,
And scatters down snow for my sled.

At work he sings, "He! Hee-e-e! —

If you're good, you needn't fear mee-e-e,

If you're bad, I'll surely catch youu-u-u;

Boo! Hoo! Boo! Hoo! Boo! Hoo-o-o-!"

THE PIPERS OF THE MARSH

I HAVE often heard the minstrels of the
marsh,
When they take their pipes and play in early
spring,
And if I am not amiss
It was something near like this
That one night I heard them plainly chorusing;
“Pee Wee! Pee Wee! Wee Wee Wee!
Pee Wee! Pee Wee! Pee Pee!”

Now the song they sing is hard to understand,
Yet a frog in confidence told it to me,
That a froglet stole a kiss
From a little lizard Miss,
(It was very dark and froggy couldn't see)
And the lizard's name was Wee,
And the froggie's name was Pee,
But a thing like that in Marshland ne'er
could be!

So the frogs all called a meeting that same
night,
And the lizards held another close at hand,
To decide what should be done
With this daughter and this son;
So they put them out to live upon the land.
Now each froggie whistles, “Pee!”
And each lizard answers, “Wee!”
So it can't occur again, I understand.

THE SONG THE TWILIGHT SANG

I ASKED fleeting Twilight to sing me a
song;
Sing of herself to me,
As softly the shadows came creeping along,
After the Day was free.

And this is the song that the Twilight sang,
Sang it softly and low,
When the sun had set and the night bells rang,
To me in the afterglow.

“ I am a fairy maid;
Of my dark hair,
I weave Night’s slumber robe,
Light as the air.

“ My busy fingers fly
Through bush and tree,
O’er woodland deep and high,
O’er land and sea.

“ On beams of moon and star,
Pearls of bright dew,
I string and weave them in,
Here — there — a few.

“ Deftly, in my design
I leave a place,

So babes and mothers may
See God's kind face.

“Soft, soothing lullabys,
Weaving, I sing;
To weary little eyes
Sweet sleep I bring.”

MY STORY BOOK

MY story book's a lovely house
That some one built for girls and
boys;
Each page is just a little room
Where I can make a jolly noise.

I've found a hundred rooms or more
Whose doors all open at my touch;
Each room contains some sweet surprise
That girls and boys love very much.

In every room some people live
Who very pleasing actors are;
I'm well acquainted with them all,
And very friendly with each star.

Sometimes, in dreams, these picture-folk
Come from my book and sing and play,
And if it's in the afternoon,
They let me have a matinee.

So that's why, when the rain pours down,
And I can't play with ball and bat,
I love to visit all my friends
Inside my book, and laugh and chat.

MY GRAN'PA

SEE, I've a penny —
You haven't any —
My gran'pa jess gave it to me;
He's th' goodest gran'pa
'At you ever saw;
No gran'pa could be good as he.

An' when I jess say
To him, like this way,
“Has gran'pa a penny for me?”
He says, “I don't know —
I guess I have, tho’,”
'En I climb right up on his knee.

'En out comes his purse,
'At's old, an' is worse
'An most anything could jess be;
He presses th' spring,
An' we both peep in,
An'— there is a penny for me!

He gives it to me,
'En says, “Let me see —
An' now what do I get for this?”
An' then I jess know
He wants me to throw
My arms 'round his neck for a kiss.

He's th' kindest gran'pa
'At you ever saw,
 'Cause when he's asleep in his chair
Sometimes he lets me
Plait his whiskers to see
 How funny he looks; he don' care.

Now who ever saw
So good a gran'pa,
 'At would leave a wee girl do all that,
Or give her a penny
'Enever he'd any,
 An' leave all his whiskers be plait?

ORDERING A BABY BROTHER

DEAR Doctor, I'm so tired
Of every doll and toy,
And wish that you would bring us
A real meat baby boy.

A real live baby brother,
With dimpled hands and face,
Pa says they grow on bushes
And that you know the place;

That after stormy weather
Ripe babies may be found
Among the deep soft mosses
That grow upon the ground.

So yesterday I emptied
My bank upon the floor
And counted — fifteen dollars —
I hope they don't cost more.

So when there's stormy weather,
And you are going there,
Please bring a boy-one with you,
Or, sooner, bring a pair.

For I am dreadful lonely,
And tired of each toy,
And if you can't find twin-ones,
Just bring the baby boy.

THE BOY THAT MOVED NEXT DOOR

“**T**HE little boy that moved next door
Must like me, for you see,
Whenever I am in our yard,
He says, ‘Hello!’ to me.

“When he is out and I am in,
He calls, ‘Girl-ee! Girl-ee!’
And when I come, he only smiles,
And says, ‘Hello!’ to me.

“He makes bouquets of ‘pussy tails,’
Tomato stalks and pea,
Then hands them through the fence and says,
‘Hello!’ (They are for me.)

“One time he kissed me through the fence,
And then to hold me there
He puts his arms around my neck
And pulled my curly hair.

“And when I cried he cried along,
And said, ‘Don’t kie, girl-ee’—
And when I kissed him back, he smiled,
And said, ‘Hello!’ to me.”

PLAYIN' MAKE BELIEVE

THIS here playin' make believe
You're a man like pa,
Seems to please most every one,
All exceptin' ma,—
She 'ist calls me Baby Ben,
Ever since I know
Anything of names an' 'cause
She 'ist loves me so.

When I fall and hurt myself
Ev'ry one cries, "Fie!
Can't you be a big brave man? —
Brave men never cry!"
But ma takes me on her lap,
Hugs me close an' 'en
Kisses hard the place 'at's hurt
Till it's well again.

Once I ran a splinter in —
Slidin' down a board,
An' it hurt so dwedfully,
I 'ist fairly roared.
Ev'ry one said, "Bah, who'd care;
Turn yourse'f about!"
An' they came 'ith 'nives an' pins
For to take it out.

But ma never let 'em near,
She 'ist said to me,
“ Where did Baby hurt himse'f —
Let your mommer see? ”
'En she tells me, lovin' like,
'Cross her 'nee to lay,
Press my teeth together hard —
Make the pain go 'way,

'En she draws it 'fore I know
What has happened, 'en,
Puts on salve and ties it up,
An' it's good again.
This here playin' make believe
You're a man like pa,
Seems to please most every one,
All exceptin' ma.

WHEN THE BEAR COMES TO TOWN

THE bugle's blare up on the air
Foretells the coming of the bear:

Tra-lay, tralla-loo,

Tra-lay, tralla-loo,

Tra-lay, tralla-loo, tra-lee!

'Mid hurried tramp of many feet,
The children gather in the street,
And half in fear they stand and stare,
And form a gaping circle there.

"Ona da sholda taka da gun!"

The pole is tossed and caught — what fun —

But all press back with fear and dread

When bruin growls and shakes his head.

The trainer then, with droning sound,

Sings while the bear goes round and round,

"Rumm, tarry-umm, tarry-umm, tummm, tummm,

Rumm, tarry-umm, tummm, tee."

"Taka da sombleset, Choll-ee!"

The children laugh and shout with glee

As "Choll-ee's" head bends to his feet,

Then turns a somersault complete:

Then while the hat is passed around,

Again he dances to the sound —

"Rumm, tarry-umm, tarry-umm, tummm, tummm,

Rumm, tarry-umm, tummm, tee!"

WHEN THE ELEPHANT WAS KING

IN Jungleland the Elephant
Unpacked his trunk one day,
For he'd been traveling with a show
And had come home to stay.

And all the folk of Jungleland
Came crowding 'round to see
The funny things he'd brought with him,
And what their use could be.

He dressed up in a suit of clothes
Of white, with spots of red.
He took a little paper hat
And tied it on his head.

He sat down on a mossy rock
Beneath a high palm tree,
And said, "From this day forth I'm King,
And you my court shall be."

The tall Giraffe stood near him as
He fanned the flies away;
The Lion and the Tiger brought
Great bales of new mown hay.

The Monkeys brought a nugat cake,
The Leopard, lemonade;
The Kangaroo, a bag of nuts
And fudge — the best home-made.

The Ostrich gave a willow plume
And one of his large eggs,
The birds made garlands which looked well
Around his neck and legs.

Inside the trunk that Elephant
Had brought, these things were found —
A pair of cymbals and a drum
To make a jolly sound.

The Lion said, "O Mighty King,
I, too, have been away;
I know how these things should be used.
Oh, won't you let me play?"

"Oh, very well," said Elephant
"I'd really like to see
How good a leader of the band
A lion beast can be."

So while his Kingship drank and dined,
The music rose and fell,
When suddenly he felt a push
That fairly made him yell.

He quickly turned around to see
Whence came that sudden jar —
'Twas all a dream — the engineer
Had coupled on his car.

THE HOMESICK BOY

I'LL never go a-visiting
No more — you bet I shan't!
No never, never, anywhere —
Not even to my aunt!
'Cause when, last summer, she was here,
She coaxed my mother so
To let her take me home with her,
Until she let me go.

Aunt said the country was the place
For just such chaps like me,
With all its lovely fields and hills —
The grandest sight to see.
Where I could breathe the purest air,
And yell and jump and run,
And feed the horses, cows and sheep,
And have the bestest fun;
That I might hunt for nests of eggs
Amongst the straw and hay,
And help old Rover bring the cows
At milking time each day;
And lots and lots of other things
She said that I might do,
(Besides the things I'd get to eat)
Till I coaxed mother, too.

Next day Ma packed my things for me
In Daddy's old suit case,

And hugged and kissed me lots of times
And smoothed my hands and face.—
Her eyes were teary when she said,
“ Be good, my little Jack,
And Saturday, if all goes well,
I’ll come and bring you back.”

The train arrived, we got on board,
And left Ma standing there,
So sadly-like, a-waving her
White kerchief in the air.—
I leaned out of the window, and
I waved mine back until
She seemed to melt to nothing and —
And I felt kinda ill.
Just then we passed the base ball park
And “ fight ” was in the air,—
The Blues and Grays were playing and —
And I — I wasn’t there!
Our side was in, and I could see
That every base was filled,
And Willie Jones, who couldn’t hit
A ball if he was killed,
Was at the bat instead of me —
I almost tore my hair,
To think he’d never bring them home,
And I — I wasn’t there!

I looked as far as I could look
To see how things would end,

And lost my cap jest as the train
Went swinging 'round the bend,
And left me wondering who would win,
And what would be the score,
Till I was sorry I had come —
(I'll not go 'way no more.)

At last we came to Pleasantville
And Uncle Jake was there,
A-waiting for us with his rig
And Bess, the old gray mare,
That Aunt had said was gentle-like,
And wouldn't kick or shy,
And I might ride her any time
If I would care to try.

Old Uncle Jake jest smiled and smiled,
And let me hold the whip,
And chase the flies from Bessie's ears
By touching with its tip,
And by and by, he let me hold
The reins and say, "Gidd-app!"
As often as I wanted while
He took a little nap.

When we arrived where Uncle lives
He helped us both get out,
And said that I might help unhitch
And kinda look about,
And get acquainted with the place,

And have a bully time,
And make believe I was a man,
And that the farm was mine.

Aunt Crissy makes the bestest things,
And I jest et and et,
Until I couldn't eat no more —
Oh, I was full, you bet!
Then, after while, she lit the lamp
And put the things away,
And we sat out upon the porch
With Uncle Jake,— and say!
He told the greatest stories 'bout
Some bears, and Injuns, too,
And 'bout the war of sixty-one
That Aunty said were true.
Then by and by, he said he guessed
We'd better go to bed.—
He wound the little cuckoo clock
And from the Bible read,
Then prayed for Pa and Ma and me,
And all the folks he knew;
Then showed me to my room and said,
“ Sweet dreams, my boy, to you.”

I tried to go to sleep, but Oh! —
The old house seemed so still;
Outside the crickets chirruped and
The bullies croaked until
I thought I'd go clean crazy, and

Felt almost fit to die,
And then, before I knew it, why —
I jest began to cry.

It seemed so very lonely with
Dear Ma so far away;
Oh, how I cried and cried and cried,
And wished that it was day.—
I wondered if she missed her boy
Away off there in town,
And if she, too, was crying and
A-gulping big lumps down?
And then I softly tippytoed
Across the room where I,
There at the open window, looked
Up at the deep blue sky.
The big round moon seemed friendly and
The stars and dipper, too;
They seemed to say, "O little boy,
Indeed we pity you."

Next day, while I was catching fish
Down near the old grist mill,
I heard an auto honk! honk! honk!
And there, on top the hill,
Who should I see but Daddy with
Dear Mother by his side,
And with a whoop of welcome that
I really could not hide,
I ran right out to meet them, and

We kissed and cried for joy —
Ma said she hadn't slept a wink
A-thinking of her boy,
And Daddy said he'd come to take
Me home that very day,
As things were not the same at all
Since I had gone away.

So I'll ne'er go a-visiting
No more — you bet I shan't! —
No never, never, anywhere —
Not even to my aunt.

WHEN THE PARSON STOPPED FOR TEA

'E N I come home from school at night,
An' find our parlor shutters
A-standin' open very wide,
My heart jess jumps an' flutters,
'Cause 'en I know 'at someone's come,
An's goin' to stop for tea,
An' that we'll have good things to eat,
'Cause we have companee.

One time, 'en Parson Smiles was there
An' I was peepin' in,
I saw him 'ith our sterryscope,
'At ma had giv' to him
To 'muse hisse'f th' while, I guess,
'At she an' sister Sue
Went out to set th' table an'
To make a chicken stew.

'An while I was a-peepin' in,
Th' shutter it banged to,
An' hit my head so terriblee
'At I jess yelled out, "Ou-u-u!"
An' ma came out an' marched me in
An' stern voiced said to me,
"I'll tell your pa 'en he comes home —
He'll settle after tea!"

An' 'en she said, " Go wash your face,
An' tidy up your hair,
An' brush your clo's as best you can,
An' shine your shoes 'ith care;
An' 'en go in th' parlor —
Act per-lite as can be,
'Cause you can't cut up your didoes
'En company's here for tea."
An' 'en I go in, sheepish like,
An' say, " Good evenin', Sir,"
An' edge behind th' sofa back,
Half hidin', as it were,
But Parson Smiles says, " Come, my boy,
Let me shake hands 'ith thee —"
An' says I've grown much taller since
Last time he stopped for tea.
An' while I'm settin' there so good
I hear ma runnin' 'bout,
Preparin' lots of things I like,
An' gettin' jellies out;
Th' smell of good things on th' stove
Comes floatin' in to me —
Th' parson smells 'em too an' seems
Real glad he stopped for tea.

An' 'en 'en everything is done,
An' in its proper place,
We all set down, look solumn, an'
Th' parson offers grace.—
'En he gets thro' we turn our plates

An' spread our napkins out,
An' ma brings in hot waffle cakes
An' passes 'em about,
An' says, " Now parson, help yourself,
An' do not back'ard be —
('Cause ma likes folks to feel at home
'En they stop here for tea.)

Beside th' chicken an' th' cakes,
There's sweet potatoes brown,
Stewed corn an' peas, an' cel-er-y,
An' sugar cakes from town,
Dill pickles in a bottle an'
Some mangoes stuffed 'ith slaw,
Spiced pears an' peaches, an' preserves
'At no one makes like ma.
An' for dessert, there's pumpkin pie,
Cornstarch in moulds, an' cake,
'Ith coc'nut icing inches thick,
'At sister Sue helped make.

One time 'en Parson Smiles was here,
(You know he jess loves pie) —
He said, " Your pumpkin pie is good ;
Another piece I'll try."
An' as I didn't have my piece,
I jess let out an " Oh ! "
Because I couldn't help it 'en
I saw that last piece go.

An' pa an' ma jess looked at me
As tho' I said a curse,
An' 'en he left, why, 'stead of pie,
Pa gave me somethin' worse.

WHAT ONE BOY DID

PAUL Pleasant, Doll Dimple, and Susanna
Sweet,
All lived with their parents on Good Children
Street.
Their homes were alike, built of stone, a fine
brown,
As some houses are in a suburban town.

These children attended the very same school,
Were apt at their studies, obeyed every rule,
And honored their teacher as all scholars
should,
And she in turn loved them because they were
good.

When lessons were over they played in the
square,
With naught to molest them or cause them a
care.
They had a kind word for each one who
passed by,
And only through mishap was one known
to cry.

But one day a family moved into the street,
Next door to Doll Dimple and Susanna Sweet.
They had a boy Teddy, and "Temper" (he
said)

Was what people called him — (his hair was
brick red).

Of course Master Ted, be it said to his shame,
Very soon put an end to each frolic and game.
He often played truant and fought with the
boys,
And teased little children, and stole all their toys.

He lacked pleasing manners and ne'er tipped
his hat,
And had little love for a dog or a cat.
He smoked cigarettes, and read "Deadwood
Dicks,"
And played on the neighbors all sorts of mean
tricks.

He nicknamed his teacher and "sassed" back
when she
Once tried to correct him, as bold as could be.
He caused so much trouble his folks moved
away,
But seeds that he planted are growing today.

Paul smokes cigarettes — Doll's dimple is gone,
Susanna's sweet face is quite sour and drawn,
And Good Children Street is not known by that
name —
Folks call it "Street Temper."— My, my,
what a shame!

CHRISTMAS DAY FER MINE

I'M always glad at Christmas time,
'Cause then there is no school,
An' I try hard to be real good
An' o-bey every rule.
I never tease our dog or cat,
Nor mock old Mister Smith,
Who lisps, an' always says to me,
"Whooth little boy ith thith?"
I hang around our kitchen, most,
An' watch my Ma an' Ann,
'Cause when there's batter left from cakes
I get what's in th' pan.
I love to see Ma roll out dough
Fer ginger-snaps, 'at she
Cuts up 'ith moulds 'o tin an' makes
A whole me-nag-e-rie.
She gives me tastes 'o cinnamon
An' sometimes citron, too,
An' if there's any nuts, I coax
Until I get a few.
Sometimes 'en there's some batter left
Ma bakes a cake fer me,
An' then she says, "Now run an' play,
An' please don't bother me."
I sit out on our kitchen step
An' eat it when it's cool,
An' feel real glad it's Christmas time,
An' that there is no school.

Memorial Day an' Fourth July
An' Thanksgiving are fine,
But when it comes to holidays,
It's Christmas Day fer mine!

“FIXING” THINGS WITH SANTA

DEAR me, it's almost Christmas time.
My letter I must write,
And tell dear Santa all my wants,
And get it off tonight.

I'll pin it just outside the door,
So when he passes 'round,
His laughing eyes will plainly see
Just where it can be found.

And, mamma, you must help me spell
Each word that's hard and long,
For such a little girl like me
Is sure to get some wrong.

So now, dear Santa, I will say,
That often in my bed
The naughty things I've said and done
Go flying through my head.

That I just feel so very sad,
And then sometimes I cry —
It seems I can't be good at all,
No matter how I try.

But I will promise, and try hard,
A better child to be,
If you will just forgive this once,
And be real kind to me.

The dollies sent me long ago
Are either sick or dead ;
Blue Bell has lost an arm and leg,
And Bess has cracked her head.

Bedelia's eyes won't open up,
Her hair's no longer sleek,
Most all her sawdust has run out —
Pa says she sprung a leak.

The dishes, books and other things
You sent are gone, I know —
I guess somewhere there is a place
Where all the lost things go.

They say your fairies come at night,
And take lost things away,
And that you fix and paint them up
To send next Christmas day.

If this is true, and you don't mind,
I'd sooner have mine new ;
I don't like things that's been refixed —
And really now, would you?

Please send a doll with light blue eyes
And golden hair — the kind
That laughs and cries and walks and talks,
That with a key you wind.

A go-cart, too, to wheel her 'round,
A hat and parasol,
A little bed to put her in,
And, and — I guess that's all.

Please, if you send these things to me,
I'll try real hard to do
The whole next year what mamma says,
And papa wants me to.

THE LONELY TOAD

BESIDE a lonely country road
There lived a lonely country toad,
Who sat beside his door all day
And croaked to pass the time away.
Quite tired of such loneliness,
He packed his grip and hailed a buss,
Resolved to find some place where he
Could dwell with pleasant company.
At eventime he spied a pool,
With shaded waters, clear and cool;
The air was filled with merry din —
The sign it bore was, DEW-DROP INN.
The autobuss was quickly stopped,
And into DEW-DROP INN he popped.
His room contained a mushroom bed,
With toad-stools at the foot and head.
For food they served stewed snails and wings
Of dragon flies and other things;
From goblets that the mosses grew,
He sipped bee-wine and honey-dew.
An orchestra of crickets played
A pleasing moonlight serenade,
The katydid and tree toad sang
A duet from a moss divan.
Then, as the twilight grew to night,
The place lit up with golden light,
For here and there and round about,
Each fire-fly hung his lantern out.

When, suddenly, out popped the moon,
The fiddlers quickly changed their tune,
And from the pool, all dripping wet,
The guests all joined the minuet.

They sang and danced and danced and sang,
Till with their songs the woodland rang;
They played at leap-frog, tag and spy,
Until the sun lit up the sky.

The music ceased, the lights burned dim,
And silence reigned at DEW-DROP INN,
For all the toads went to their beds
To rest their tired legs and heads,

Except the country toad — Said he,
“ This gay life here ’s too much for me;
I’ll hie me back beside the road
And be content — a country toad.”

THE DOLL'S LAMENT

O H, dear, I'm so tired of waiting
Up here in the dust and the cold;
Why doesn't Blue Bell come and take me
And play as she used to of old?
I'm sure, if she knew where they placed me,
She'd ask God to take me away,
And not keep me waiting and waiting:
Don't angels need dollies to play?

Just once did they take me to see her,
And put me beside her in bed,
And oh, how she hugged me and kissed me,
And nestled me close to her head.
That night while the whole world was sleeping,
And angels came down from the sky
To take her, she kissed me and whispered,
"Good-bye, dearest dolly, good-bye."

And here from my seat at the window
I see where they've laid her to rest,
To sleep in the cold and the starlight,
With no doll to press to her breast.
O God, if there's room for this dolly,
Come quickly and take me away,
I'm so tired waiting and waiting:
Don't angels need dollies to play?

THE ENGAGEMENT

I'M so glad 'en my Ma takes
Me to visit my Aunt Jane,
'Cause I love th' big, long ride
Out to Brookville on th' train.

Ma al'ays buys things for me
From th' train-boy passin' through,
Popcorn, candy, chewing gum,
An' sometimes an orange, too.

I jess love to sit an' watch
All th' things go whizzin' past
Like a movin' picture show;
Only things don't change so fast.

At one station where we stopped,
Folks was givin' folks goodby,
An' I saw a lady kiss
Her big boy an' made him cry.

Maybe he was goin' far
Off to China or Japan,
An' would not come back again
'Til he was a growed-up man.

At one place a little girl
An' her Ma got on, an' she
Wouldn't sit nowhere except
In th' seat 'longside of me.

She was awful nice, an' we
Told each other ou-er names :
Hers was Lilly Bell, an' mine
I told her, was Willie James.

I gave her some popcorn an'
She gave me a nice blue plum,
'En I gave her peanuts an'
A whole pack of chewing gum.

My, but she had shiny hair!
An' her eyes were lovely blue!
'Fore I knew it, why, I said,
“ 'En I'm big I'll marry you.”

She jess said, “ Oh, Willie James ! ”
An' her bag of peanuts fell,—
But before I left her we
Were engaged — but don't you tell!

THE HOLLYHOCK AND THE HONEY BEE

A HONEY Bee in search of sweets
From flower to flower flew,
And when a sudden shower came
He cried, "What shall I do?"

"I'll get my pretty wings all wet —
Then what a sight I'll be!"
"Don't worry, Bee," said Hollyhock,
"Just creep inside of me."

The shower o'er, out came the Bee
And said, "What can I do,
Kind Mr. Hollyhock, to show
My gratitude to you?"

Then Mr. Hollyhock replied,
"If you would like to pay,
Just take to sweet Miss Hollyhock
A kiss from me today."

A LULLABY

THE moon is shining in the sky,
The fleecy clouds are passing by,
The stars between just blink and peep
Like your bright eyes. O baby, sleep!
Sweet baby, sleep!

The mother-moon has done her best
To put the baby stars to rest,
The fleecy clouds her covers are
To hide away each sleepy star.
My baby-star!

She sings to them just as I do,
And they peep back the same as you;
At last they're hidden from my sight;
So are your eyes, dear child, good night!
Dear child, good night!

THE SANDMAN'S SHIP

A SHIP comes down from Silver Sea,
Each night, and waits outside for me,
And Captain Sandman, in command,
Loads up his gun with silversand.

Then, after tea, Bang! goes his gun,
And I must rub my eyes and run
And climb the stair, and say my prayer
To mother who is waiting there.

His ship is like a snow-white swan,
With seats inside to sit upon ;
The wings and tail are sails, and we
Start off at once for Silver Sea.

At Silver Sea he lifts me out,
And there we children laugh and shout
Until it's time to come away —
When I get home, it's always day.

PEACE

LITTLE Boy's eyelids were heavy with slumber but the expectancy of the morrow's joys would not let them close, so he begged of me a story.

The one I told him ends in this wise: "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'"

When I had finished he said, "Daddy, I like that one, and it's true — not make-believe — isn't it?"

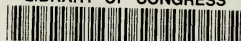
"Yes, Little Boy," I replied, "Daddy knows it's true, because, when the sweet Babe in the story grew up, He became a King, and He made only one law which He called *Love*, and every one who joined His kingdom and obeyed the law received a very precious gift called *Peace* — the *Peace* the angels sang about in the story. Daddy knows the story's true — he joined the kingdom long ago and received the gift."

"What is *Peace*, Daddy?" asked the boy, and I answered, "*Peace* is when every one loves every one else — just as you and I love each other — that's *Peace*."

Then as the tired eyelids began to droop and flicker, Little Boy said, "I know! If everybody loved each other that way, there couldn't

never be any more wars, and little boys' papas wouldn't have to shoot and kill each other, would they, Daddy?" I answered. "No, child, the *Law of Love* wouldn't allow it."

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